THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1889.

NYE IN CENTRAL PARK

William and the Other Wild Animals Are Thrown in Contact.

A TALK ON THE FLORA AND FAUNA.

He Thinks the Elephant Should Shorten Up His Suspenders.

THE KANGAROO AND THE LAME LIONESS



great delight to the busy truck drivers and other brainworkers of New York, on a quiet Sabbath afternoon, to stroll about our great free menagerie and congress of living wonders near the Sixty-fourth street and Fifth avenue entrance to Central Park

Here the great breakers of civilization along the celebrated avenue break shores of an artificial wilderness. A few paces from the wealth and refinement of the great thoroughfare the great gray rocks and spreading elms of the primeval forest extend themselves, as one may say, while the roar of the Fifth avenue stage and the rattle of the silver harness and the trappings of swollen prosperity mingle with the sweet songs of the parakeet and the low plunk of the hippopotamus.

Here the worn husbandman and stock grower from Wall street may be discovered on a quiet afternoon engaged in keeping off the grass. Here you may see the weary and illpaid plumber, who has been engaged all the week in stopping gas leaks with bar soap and charging war prices for it with freight added. Here you will find the glad children improving their minds by studying the works of nature.

IN A CURSORY WAY.

Last Sabbath I spent the afternoon looking over, in a cursory way, our wealth of animals at the park, also our plantigrades, quadramana,marsupials and graminivorous mammalia. At first I strolled along the as-phaltum walk beneath the wide-spreading beech, fagus sylvatica and fagus ferruginea, or listened to the sough of the glorious elm, ulmus cumpestris, also ulmus Americana, also ulmus Fulma or the slippery elm of the pharmacopea. As I strolled on watching the nimble squirrel, the small rodent animal of the genus Sciurus, I was attracted by the distant sound of the dracovalans calling to the dewflicker or eaticus vulgarus, as we say in scientific circles.

Judging that the sound came from the menagerie I moved off in that direction. menagerie I moved off in that direction. Then I found a large number of people, mostly of the working classes and tradespeople, perusing the elephant bas Lucas, as we say, the tiger being called the bos catious or Carnivera Virtuoso. We have the Elephas Africanus, both of which are quadruments. or Carnivera Virtuoso. We have the Elephas Africanus, both of which are quadrupeds. This peculiarity they retain even in
captivity. We all stood looking at the huge
pachyderm for some time, and I heard a
Baxter street man say that if he couldn'thi
and elephant better than the man who made
his overalls for him, he would never try to
sel another suit of clothes as long as he
lived. I think myself that if the average
has indicate would shorten his supponders

or annivera Virtuoso. We have the EleCrowley and his sorrowing widow that I will
not refer to them here at length, for other
and abler pens than mine have covered the
ground. Suffice it to say that though essentially a humorist, Mr. Crowley had his own
sorrows to contend with, and though he
brought many smiles to the faces of those
who were sad, he suffered mentally and
physically all his life. Matrimonially he
physically all his life. Matrimonially he
physically all his life. bos Indicus would shorten his suspenders about four feet and get his trousers pressed he would call forth less adverse criticism.

CONFUSED IN THE MORNING. When the elephant wakes up in the morning he calls in some disinterested per-son to tell him which end to wear in front during the day. No matter how sober he goes to bed after eating a carload of hay, he is always more or less confused in the morning about which extremity to use as a prow. Numerous entertaining true anecdotes are told of the sagacity of the elephant, many of which are lies. I could tell a few mysel but it is bad enough, I think, for school books to do that, without allowing such things to creep into literature.

Next I went over to see the bear cave or home of the Ursus Maritunus, the white or polar bear, the black bear, or Ursus Americanus and the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, or ursus horribillis or bo

The black bear of Central Park in this State is of a darkish black color while the polar bear or white bear is of an opaque drab The bear has a pungent odor, which holds its own against the sharp competition of the entire aggregation of animals now in the park, and has a good working majority in this great congress of wild beasts. The bear is better as an outdoor amusement, I think, than otherwise. He would make a poor parlor entertainer, especially while mouth-ing. The odor of the bear keeps the crowd back somewhat from the cave, but when a gentleman from Castle Gar-Sunday, wearing seven suits



of clothes and a crochetted lap robe around his neck, walked up to the iron fence and began eating his lunch, the polar bear

PURE AS THE SNOW

The polar bear inhabits the frigid zone north and south of a given point, where he subsists on frapped relief expeditions. Once he was pure as the beautiful snow, but now, by a careful scrutiny of his plumage, he finds that he is not so. He looks like a dejected door mat, and, on a hot day, his pants are checked somewhat by the heat.

We now pass on to the kangaroo annex, where we find also the coon, both American and Africau. The kangaroo is a ruminating maruspial. But it is hereditary and therefore not so reprehensible as it might be otherwise. There are two or three varieties of this pleasing beast, and all of the genus micropus, I think, though I would

settled into the base of his system. He is of a long waisted turn of mind and springs central Park, including the menagerie and the mouth of the hippopotamus, will be open each day until further notice. Lohen-

to say. I am not here to moralize. My duties simply embrace a terse description of the animal itself. The only cases, however, where the kangaroo has not been gregarious

A DEAD ISSUE.

We here see the American opossum, or didelphys Virginiana. He ought to be the crest of the civil service reform party, for to the casual observer he is extremely dead We next pass to the flat occupied by the ippopotami or the genus pachyderm. The hippopotami or the genus pachyderm. The two hippopotamuses, as our best English



itation. He has a broad muzzie, and when he opens his mouth visitors get but an imperfect view of the park. The hippopotamus perfect view of the park. The hippopotamus trousers and white ties.

The French Republic has deemed it best trousers and show of roygrows to the length, sometimes, of 17 feet, but is practically bald. He loves to insert but is practically bald. He loves to insert himself in his neat little tank just so that his brows and organ of self-esteem will appear above the surface and "suffer himself to be admired."

to be admired."

The pumh is in the house with the two horned rhinoceros. He is called felid concolor by the zoologists, who have studied him at a distance of several miles. The him at a distance of several miles. The puma is also called the mountain lion by those who have associated with him. I saw one of these animals side track himself in order to let our train go past in Utah once. He went up a telegraph pole and peered in at the window as I went by. The puma does not care for asparagus. Spring lamb and little children make a good style of the pump of the pu removes for him. He rarely eats a person

who smokes cigarettes or eats raw onions. Near the puma we find some delightful snakes. They are on an elevated floor of a plain, unfurnished cage. The moccasin snake is there, the beautiful but disagreeable Toxicophis piscivoris of the Southern States. The beaconstrictor is also resting in a corner looking longingly and hungrily at the two horned rhinoceros on the other side of the sisle.

ESSENTIALLY A HUMORIST. So much has been said of the late Mr. was not happy, having been forced into an alliance which was distasteful to him, yet Mr. Crowley respected his marriage

even while hating the bondage to which he was subjected.

No one will ever know how his heart



Nye Looks Into His Soulful Eyes. ached when he thought of the petite chim nangee he had left in his faraway home o how her image was in his heart when he died and left his life insurance to the one who now bears his name. Though his humor was rather broad and, therefore, objectiona-ble to the more refined, he got a great many good press notices, and with a little better voice could have succeeded as a lecturer. voice could have succeeded as a lecturer. Dying in New York as he did, he will not get a monument, of course, but he richly de

It would be impossible to enlarge upor the almost numberless specimens of animal life scattered about through the park, from the wakeful weazel to the moth eaten buffalo, from the little birdling up to the large portable emu, the little smooth Zebu or Bos Indicus, the pensive stork, the Yak, the Kooroo, the wart hogs of the wilderness and the war togs of the massive lion and the lame lioness who limps about her cage and eats nothing but frog's legs and ragouts

CLOSE YOUR EYES.

Sitting down near the lion's cage one can almost fancy he is about to discover the sources of the Nile. In the distance, as he the dodo which has just come off her nest, with two little new dodos. He also hears the lilt of the Scaroo and the sleepy voice of the high behind. The burnished moon seems to shimmer a little bit through the seems to sigh in the gentle zephyr. The seems to sigh in the gentle zephyr. The tutti frutti palm sways in the soft starlight. while far away in the deep recesses of the pungent night one can almost hear Emin

In the murky depths of the bush, the scorbutic murmurs its lullaby to its young and the lals sinks to rest with a low cry.

I do not know what it is.

A VIVID IMAGINATION. Is it the croupy mean of the dewdad as it rubs its hot back against the gum arabic citizen as he drops from his tree into vestibule of a straw colored lion with

Again it is still until the sleepy voice of the genus micropus, I think, though I would not have any one take my word for it on such a matter as that, involving as it does the pence of so many people. There are the micropus giganteus, the yellow footed kangaroo, also the rat kangaroo and the kangaroo itself.

The kangaroo has been so sedentary all his life that his leading vitals seem to have settled into the base of his system. He is

can be done for it or not I do not pretend caterpillars off the trees and and try to do everything in their power to make the occa-sion a success, BILL NYE.

OFFICIAL COSTUMES.

Something About the Court Dress of Different Countries-New German Attire. The young German Emperor is resolved ot only that his realm shall be unrivaled in military prowess, says the Youth's Companion, but that his court shall be showy and brilliant. He has just made a decree commanding that a new court costume shall be adopted, or rather, an old one revived. And this costume is to be worn by the personages of his court for the first time on the occasion of the visit of the Czar to Ber-

that worn on the occasion of the coronation of the first King of Prussia, Frederick the First, in 1701. Its main features are knee-breeches, a three-cornered hat, silk stock-ings, buckled shoes, a sword, and a periwig. Some of the great officials of state will, moreover, wear velvet tunics under flowing tunics, and their hats will be adorned with

ong, swaying estrich feathers.

The contrast between these gorgeous cosumes worn at the court of the first Frederck, and the dress in which his successor, the greatest of Prussian Kings, always ap-peared, is amusing. Carlyle describes Frederick the Great as

wearing "no crown, but an old military Nye Visits the Hippopotamus.

writers give the plural, the other style given above being the Latin plural, are extremely amphibious and pachydermatous is no name for it. You can make almost any not permitted to be blackened or varnished. name for it. You can make almost any kind of damaging statement about a hippopotamus and prove it. The hippopotamus at Central Park always has a large and enthusiastic audience. He has all the various and versatile beauties of the morgue with none of its drawbacks. The hippopotamus has a massive brain, which he uses more for the purpose of digestion than meditation. He has a broad muzzle, and when he opens his mouth visitors get but an imperfect view of the park. The hippopotamus

Under the monarchy and the empires, the Senators of France had distinct and bril-

liant costumes. The Senators of the first empire wore gaudily embroidered coats and waistcoats, powdered heads, pigtails and silk stockings, while those of the restored monarchy appeared in blue velvet doublets, plumed hats, and shoes ornamented with While England has been growing, in the

march of years, more democratic in politics, and even in costumes, the costumes worn at the court of Victoria and by British officials have remained pretty much unchanged.
It is still necessary for gentlemen who are
presented to the Queen to wear short clothes
and a sword, and ladies must appear before
the sovereign in full evening attire. The Judges and barristers of the courts of

stice still wear wigs and gowns. The bishops always appear in the House of Lords in white robes and lawn sleeves, while on the street they wear a distinctive dress, always of black, with knee-breeches and "shovel" hats. It may probably be said with truth that every official in England, national or local, has some distinction of dress pertaining to his office.

In this country the official costumes are very few. Of our national officials, only

Court wear any distinctive costume, and that is a plain, long silk robe. The President has none whatever. It is a law that no American Minister or Consul abroad shall wear any unusual dress, except that those who have held rank in the army may appear in military dress.

the Judges of the United States Supreme

REFLECTION OF LIGHT.

Some interesting Results of Experiment With Various Metals. Dr. Reubens, of Berlin, has for some time

past been engaged in experimenting on the selective reflection of light by metals, and nt the last meeting of the German Physical Society he detailed to his brother members the results of his investigations. The light emitted by an incandescent plate of zirconium was concentrated by a lens on to a mirror-surface of the metal under investigation, and the reflected rays were then allowed to fall into & spectroscope with flint-glass prism, whose ocular had been replaced In this way the intensity of each part of

the spectrum could be determined. The results obtained showed that silver possesses even for blue rays, a very considerable re-flective power, which gradually increase and reaches its maximum in the red, at which maximum the intensity of the reflected light then remains constant, even for rays of the greatest wave length. Gold possesses a much smaller reflective power for blue and green rays; the curve then rises very rapidly to a maximum in the yellow and falls again toward the red. Copper reflects the blue and green rays even less than gold does; its reflective power then increases rapidly into the red, and, then somewhat more slowly until in the ultra-red it reaches a value equal to that of silver. Iron and nickel gave similar curves, rising at first somewhat rapidly, but subsequently more slowly and continuously into the ultra-red, without, however, reaching the values observed for

A DOCTOR'S HELPFUL DOG. He Tries to Hurt People to Give His Master

Punyautawney Spirit. Rover, Dr. Beyer's Newfoundland dog, is getting a little too cute for ordinary purposes. He has, on one or two occasions, seen people fall and get hurt, and he also observed that they were taken into the doctor's office for repairs. Yesterday was a wet day, and Rover felt it his duty to go out and drum up business. He stood in the door a moment as if in deep meditation. Presently a young lady came along, and Rover, taking a good start in order to secure all the momentum

possible, ran violently against the young lady, knocking her down.

Then Rover stood and looked snxiously, first at the girl and then at the office door, as if to say: "Why don't you carry her in was not hurt, and Rover sneaked away with an air of disappointment and dejection.

As Dendly as the Upas.

San Francisco Chronicle. The ill repute of the upas is almost equaled by that of the manchineel, a West ndian tree. It is asserted that to sleep beneath its shade is fatal, and that the land crabs found in its groves become poisonous from feeding on its seeds. Although there is much exaggeration in these stories, no doubt exists of the deadly effects of manchineel juice when introduced into the system, or that a single drop causes instant pain if it touches the human skin

He Wanted a Troublesome Timepiece. Washington Critic. ! At the clockery: Purchaser-What kind of time does this

watch keep? Dealer-Oh, very excellent time, sir. Purchaser-Always? Dealer-Always.
Purchaser-Then I guess it won't suit

for some of the time it will have to keep on me won't be so good as it might be. Haven't got any that keep monkey and

POE'S FAMOUS FIGHT.

The Celebrated Battle Between Pioneers and Indians, When

BRAVE BIGFOOT WAS WORSTED.

The Scene of the Desperate Encounter Located Definitely,

SETTLING A HISTORICAL DISPUTE

more thrilling stories in pioneer history than that of the des perate fight between Andrew Poe and Big-

foot, the Wyandotte Indian. It has had such widespread notoriety that to many a schoolboy this exciting tale is more familiar and more en-

trancing than the classic orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, or the modern eloquence of Webster and Patrick Henry.

An elderly gentleman who formerly attended district school not far from the scene of this celebrated fight, recently told the writer that it used to be a never failing pastime of the boys in summer, during recess or betore or after school, to go to the river's brink and then re-enact, according to the best of there resources, this tragic scene. It was somewhat difficult to secure a boy who would consent to assume the part of Bigfoot, the giant Indian who was worsted. Boys, like men, enjoy being on the winning side, and consequently more Poes than



Where Poe and Bigfoot Fought.

difficulty one afternoon chosen for the mock fight, but it was solved by their inducing a raw Irish boy, a newcomer, to assume the unenvied roll. Pants were rolled up and superfluous clothing discarded. Sticks of various sizes and shapes answered for guns, knives and tomahawks, and wet brick dust made excellent Indian paint.

It is the unexpected which often happen in modern as well as in ancient fights. All went well with the boys, and according to the old programme, until, in the heart of the conflict in the water, the Irish lad enacting the role of Bigfoot wouldn't drown, and Poe, instead of the Indian, suffered an inglorious defeat in the schoolboy's battle.

SOLVING PIONEER PHANTASMS. In pioneer times and border life early setlers often journeyed from place to place on foot, on horseback or in wagons, in search of some rumored or imagined Eden just beyond their limited horizon. Thus a roving life was inaugurated, with the habit its only fixture and the love of change its leading motive. Homeless and houseless, without local habitation or name, ties or duties, the backwoodsman drifted into a distant, an unknown or an uncertain grave. Some such fate as this seems to have overtaken this tale of the Poe and Bigfoot fight, for it has shared in the vicissitudes of those early times, even as human events are ever colored, enhanced or embarrassed by the circumstances of hu-

man contact.

Like the ghost of some unavenged murder, or of some great and unrighted wrong, the spirit presence of the conflict in ques-tion has hovered and flitted for a hundred years about the different alleged scenes of this combat, now here and now there, with out either the spirit or the bones of the shadowy skeleton ever finding rest. It even took possession of the perturbed hearts of other-wise reliable and dignified local historians, driving them to conclusions as unsettled and varied as its own. From these it seized every opportunity to leap into the minds of



Ridge Down Which the Indians Were Chased, and Where John Cherry Was Killed. the chance towrist, the unsuspicious travrest wrought thereby throughout the length and breadth of the land, in the matter of

scenes and dates, facts and figures.

In vain the blood of the Poes, in many worthy scion and descendant, cried aloud against this outrage. In vain did many a local historian strive to voice his indigna-tion and right this wrong; but, alas! only ended in writing the wrong, but after a fashion so crooked at the spirit's distracted dictation, as to fail of accomplishing the dearest purpose of his heart, and so the spirit tore madly on adown the ages to the

present day.

Even the shifting waters of the ever changing Ohio frequently uncovered the scene of the fray, but to no purpose, for peo-ple didn't see it right; historians couldn't get it right; newspaper men were dreadfully near-sighted, taking everybody else's view but their own, and accordingly the river in a fit of passion overleaped its ordinary bounds and buried the secret in its own bosom for a long, long time.

DEFINITELY LOCATING THE FIGHT. But the secret leaked out, as all secrets will, and to the boys and girls be it whispered that the kind fairies are supposed to have certainly bad a hand in it. Evidence that they did is perhaps found in the fact that the Rev. John Cowl, D.D., who now owns the farm where this fight took place, was taken and shown the spot where it occurred at the river brink by Mr. John Brown, its former owner, who told Dr. Brown, its former owner, who told Dr. Cowl that the situation was shown him by Poe himself. It was Dr. Cowl who pointed out the place to me the day the photographs were taken from which to make the cuts

which illustrate this article.

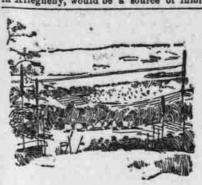
Both Dr. Cowl and Mr. Brown said that during the intervening years the river has eaten into the bank a good many yards from where the struggle actually was; but where Tomlinson's run empties into the Ohio, above Lexington, Hancock county, W.Va, and off the bank just north of the run, lies the scene of the incident we have been considering. The writer found a small stone Indian ax and several fiint arrow heads within the area of a few rods thereabouts. Formerly the island nearest the West Vir-

giwia shore extended down nearly opposite the mouth of the run. It was in the bushes at the mouth of the run that the Indians secreted their rafts or canoes, and it was for this point that they were making when they were overtaken and the fight ensued.

Some accounts state that it was Adam Poe who grappled with Bigfoot and had the celebrated hand-to-hand conflict from the bank into the river; but other and better authorities agree that it was Andrew, and that Adam was the one who finally shot Bigfoot. This is the prevailing view, although it is often spoken of differently, and upon one of the Ohio river atlases the spot is erroneously designated as "the place where Adam Poe and Bigfoot fought."

SOURCES OF INFORMATION. SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

If Pittaburg or Allegheny children want to personally inquire into the subject any farther, there is little doubt but that one of Dr. Cowl's sons, who is paster of a church in Allegheny, would be a source of infor-



mation for them. They will find different accounts of the fight in the various editions of Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio, under the head of Columbiana County; in McKnight's "Our Western Border;" in under the head of Columbiana County; in McKnight's "Our Western Border;" in Doddridge's "Notes," and elsewhere. Within the writer's acquaintance, one of the best informed gentlemen upon local and Indian history, and particularly upon the Poe and Bigtoot fight, which he has made a special study, is Colonel William M. Farrar, Esq., of Cambridge, O.

Various authorities have located the scene of the fight locally and at widely separated.

Various authorities have located the scene of the fight loosely and at widely separated points. For instance, we read of its having happened on the Chio river above Wheeling, and again, some distance below Ft. Pitt, also of its occurring at the mouth of Raccoon creek, opposite Yellow creek, at the mouth of King's creek and of Harmon's creek. Colonel Farrar, who personally visited all these places and talked with old residents and examined all records, places it unmistakably at Tomlinson's Run, and in unmistakably at Tomlinson's Run, and in September, 1781. This, taken in connection with Dr. Cowl's direct and connected line of testimony, together with the weight of other evidence, seems to settle its location beyond question. Colonel Farrar also con-siders that it was here that John Cherry was killed during the running fight down the hill and ridge, leading back toward Pugh-town (now Fairview), and Burgettstown. The Indians had been up the hill on a raid and were then retreating, pursued by

raid and were then retreating, pursued the Poes and their party.

It is with peculiar interest that one reviews the records of the life and incidents of the pioneer history of this locality. To many it is a part of their own family record and the soil a part of their own home acres.

O. M. S.

CHINESE HABITS.

They've Been Grossly Libelled with Re-gard to Their Animal Food.

The notion that the Chinese drink nothand was fast drowning Poe, producing consternation in the minds of participants and spectators alike. In this instance Irish blood in Indian veins wouldn't go under, where the younger generation of men who have the means at their command ing but weak tea is partly dispelled in Peking, where the younger generation of men who have the means at their command followed us all the way across. Badenough at followed us all the way across. Badenough at followed us all the way across. consume a considerable quantity of champagne and spirituous liquors; but the population at large cannot, even if they desired to do so, indulge largely in alcohol, the opium pipe being, as a rule, their only in-

toxicating pleasure.

The Chinese people certainly, as a race, differ from the Europeans in their ideas of the uses of soap and water in combinations, and those prettily-tinted squares which are to be obtained in England under the name of Chinese soap are apparently not in any such extraordinary demand in China that there need be any serious difficulty in meet-ing it. But on one important point the Ce-lestial has been grossly libelled, and that is with regard to his animal food. Of course the poorest classes in China, as in any other country East or West are compelled by hard fate to eat many things which a man of larger means would reject; but the impression often entertained that the Chinaman is a disgusting person because he eats puppies, rats, slugs, etc., appears, when the facts are stated, illogical and unjust. Dogs and rats are eaten, but they are specially bred for the table, the rats being fed solely on farinaceous food and carefully brought up by hand, so that a good dog or rat is as expensive as the best venison or turtle in London. The rodents in question are far cleaner than our American pig. and no one is called disgusting in this co for eating a slice of ham at breakiast.

HORRIBLE MURDERS.

How They Torture People for Supposed Witchernft in India. A horrible case of murder for supposed witchcraft is reported from the Decean. At a village in Chennar, Jaluho, certain shepherds were suspected by the villagers,

and these suspicions were accentuated in consequence of a severe epidemic of chol-

Two of the suspected men were seized, solemnly tried and condemned for witchcraft by the village commission, and sentenced to be tortured to death. There, in presence of all the villagers, their teeth were extracted with pinchers, and their heads were shaved. Subsequently they were buried up to their necks, wood was piled round their heads, a fire was kindled, and the skulls were roasted into powder. Some 30 persons have been convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment

A similar case was recently tried at Bombay. The accused imputed the death of his father and mother, and the illness of certain members of his family, to the arts of an old woman, and beat her to death with a thick, heavy stick. These cases are common, but are rarely brought to the notice

SIR JULIAN A MUSICIAN. The New English Minister a Good Pinnist

and a Fine Singer.

From the Philadelphia News.1 Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new English Minister, is seen to the best advantage after dinner, when the strains of music are heard in the drawing room. He is a technical musician of high quality for an amateur. In his younger days, while waiting for work, he used to compose and played the piano with considerable skill and talent. He has a sonorous baritone voice, and used to sing, but of late he has not been induced to try his vocal powers. Whether the ladies Washington will break down his reserve remains to be seen, but certain it is that Sir Julian looks forward with much pleas-

where he has already many close friends. Mulbattan Left in the Shade.

A yarn comes from Vancouver that must make all the Mulhattans of the rod and fly hesitate to strain their ingenuity in vain competition. It is to the effect that the 5ear-old son of a citizen was missed from his home, and after a long and anxious search by the family, toddled into the house carrying a string of 48 tront, which it had caught in a neighboring creek. **METAMORPHOSIS**

Being an Account of a Strange Experiment in Psychology, Recently Conducted by a Physician.

> Written for THE DISPATCH by SIDNEY LUSKA (Henry Harland).

> > "She is in bed now in the next room

the present moment. You will understand that I am in no condition of mind to write

at greater length than is necessary, having gone without sleep for the better part of a

week, to say nothing of anxiety and distress. When she wakes she talks of you, and bids

have more cheering news to write you.

"Always yours,
"HENRY FAIRCHILD."

Leopold Benary, an old New York physician. prev nts Louise Masarte, a beautiful young woman, from suiciding in the East river at midnight. The woman says she has neither friends, relatives nor money, and she is haunted by the memory of her past. She resists the doctor's interference, but finally agrees to go to his home, where he engages to show her a better way out of her trouble or to release her within an hour. There she tells the physician that she has been guilty of a crime that cannot be outlived. The physician tells her that he can, by means of an operation, obliterate her memory of all past events; that mentally she memory of all past events; that mentally she will be as a newly-born babe. He offers to perform the operation, and with the aid of his sister Josephine, educate her in her new life. She accepts the offer, and the next morning the operation is successfully performed. The physician and his sister educate her, and introduce her to their friends as their niece, Miriam. Four years later the doctor is saved from the Four years later the doctor is saved from the blizzard by Henry Fairchild, a young sculptor. Dr. Benary insists upon the sculptor remaining at his house for the evening, and introduces his niece Miriam. The sculptor falls in love with Miriam and marries her, without knowing her history, but supposing her to be the niece of Dr. Benary. The wedded pair go to Europe to spend the honeymoon.

me say how she loves you, and of course you means always yourself and Miss Jose-phine. CHAPTER XII. Of course we watched the papers for an nnouncement of the Touraine's arrival. A fast steamer, ordinarily accomplishing the passage within seven days, she ought to have reached Havre on the 22d. She was not reported, however, until Monday the 24th, being then two days overdue.

It was on Friday, the 4th of January, that we at last got a letter. The envelope was superscribed not in Miriam's hand, but in Fairchild's; and when we tore it open we saw that the letter itself had been written by the groom and not by the bride. This struck us as rather odd, and made us a little uneasy. We hastened to read:

"HOTEL DE LA GRANDE BRETAGNE, ? "HAVRE, December 25, 1888. "DEAR DR. BENARY-Christmas Day,

and such news as I have to give you! I should put off writing until we reach Paris, in the hope that when we are there the face of things may have altered for the better; only I know if you don't receive a line sooner than you would in that case, you will be alarmed.

"What I have to tell you is so horrible in itself, it must shock you dreadfully, what-ever way I put it. I can't hope to make it any less painful for you by mineing it, or beating about the bush. Yet it seems brutal to state the hideous fact downright— Miriam has become blind, totally blind. "Whether incurably so or not, we do not

whether incurably so or not, we do not yet know. Of course, we hope for the best; but we can be sure of nothing until we get to Paris, where we shall consult the best oculist to be found. Meanthme, you may imagine our state of mind.
"We had a most frightful passage, and

the outset, it seemed to get steadily worse and worse until we reached port. It had only this mitigation, that it was behind us and moved in the same direction with us. Therefore we were delayed but about 48 hours. If it had been against us, there's no telling when we should have got ashore.

"For six consecutive days (from the 17th to the 23d) the hatches were battened down, no passengers were allowed on deck, and not only were the port holes kept per-manently closed, but the inner iron shutters were screwed up, lest the sea should break through the glass and swamp us. The sky lights were also covered. Thus daylight us excluded, as well as fresh air was excluded, as well as fresh air. Then the electric lighting machine got out of or-der and we had to fall back upou candles and kerosene. The atmosphere in the cab-ins became something unendurable. Much of the time, owing to the violent motion, it was impossible to keep even the candles or the kerosene lamps burning, and we were condemned to total darkness. At last, condemned to total darkness. At last, however, they got the electric machine into running gear again, so that we had light. "At intervals of five seconds, day and

night, the sea broke over us with a roar like the discharge of cannon, making every timber of the ship creak and tremble. It was enough to drive one frantic, that ever-lasting rythmic thunder. And all the time we were tossed up, down and around, as if that giant vessel were a cockle-shell. Standing erect or walking was not to be thought of. I had to creep from place to place on hands and knees. And then the never ending motion, and the incessant noise; the howling of the wind, the pound-ing of the water, the creaking of timbers, the snapping of cordage, the clanking of chains, the crashing of loose things being knocked about, the shouts and the tramp ing of the sailors overhead, the groans o sensick people, the shricks of scared women and children. I tell you it was frightful; it was like hell gone mad; the memory of it is like the memory of a nightmare.

"Miriam suffered excrutistingly from sea

sight I ever witnessed, the agony she en-dured. I had never dreamed that seasick-ness could be so terrible. What made it ness could be so terrible. What made it worse, of course, was the hopelessness of her obtaining any relief until we reached shore, unless the storm abated. There was nothing anyone could do. I just sat there beside her and held her hand, while she either lay exhausted or started up and went through the torments of the damned. It was hard work to sit still there and watch her sufferings, and realize that I was utterly powerless to help her in any way. From Monday, the 17th, until last night, when she had been ashore some hours—precisely one week—she did not taste food. Once in a while she would drink a little water than the same of hyands. with a drop of brandy in it, but even that distressed her cruelly. On the 20th she was seized with convul-sions, awful beyond description. From then on until we left the ship, she simply alternated between terrible paroxysms and utter prostration. Four days! I thought she was going to die, her convulsions were so violent, the prostration that ensued was so death-like. The ship's surgeon himself said there was great danger-that death might result from exhaustion. For those four days (from the 20th to the 24th), he kept her almost constantly under the influence of opiates. On Saturday she seemed a little better. That is, her convulsions came seldomer, and were of shorter duration. When not in convulsions she lay in a stapor, like sleep, only most of the time her eyes were half open and she would groan. But on Sunday she was worse again; and it But on Sunday see was worse again; and it was on Sunday night, about 10 o'clock, that after she had lain perfectly quiet for an hour or so, all at once she started up and cried out: "I can't see you. I can't see anything. It is all dark. What has happened? I believe I am blind."

"Of course I thought it must be some halure to his term of residence in a country lucination caused by her sickness. I could

not believe that she had really become blind. But the ship's surgeon came and made an examination and discovered that it was so. He could attribute it only to a paralysis of the optic nerve, the consequence of shock and exhaustion. What the danger of "Yesterday, thank God, that hellish voyage came to an end. The instant we reached ness is only temporary, and can be cured.

prised that you do not see it for yourself, the same operation which will restore her sight will also restore her memory; do you understand? She will become Louise Massarte again. She will begin at the precise point where she left off. She will forget everything that has occurred during the past four years, and will recall what occurred before. It is that same pressure of the bone upon the brain, to which they attribute her blindness, which keeps Louise Massarte in quiescence, and makes Miriam Benary possible. Relieve that pressure, remove that point of bone and instantly Louise Massarte will come to life again, while at the same moment Miriam Benary will cease to exist."

"Good heavens, brother!" Josephine gasped, holding up her hands in helpless dismay. "But—but surely—but what—what is to be done?"

"Which in your opinion would be the prised that you do not see it for yourself,

That she will recover her sight. What

"What else! This else, and I am sur-

what is to be done?"

"Which in your opinion would be the lesser of the two evils—to have her remain permanently blind, or to have her regain her memory? She would recollect all that she is happiest in forgetting, she would forget all that she is happiest in remembering. The four years during which she had lived with us as our niece would be utterly obliterated and undone. She would rise from that operation in mind and spirit exactly where she was, exactly what she was, just before you and I put her under the influence "She is in bed now in the next room sleeping. She sleeps most of the time, or rather dozes. Her convulsions are now over, I hope for good. But all last night they occurred from time to time, very much less violently, however, than when we were on shipboard. She has not yet been able to take much nourishment, but as often as she wakes I give her a little beef tes.

"That is about all there is to tell down to the present moment, you will understand." where she was, Eastly what she was, Jane before you and I put her under the influence of ether on the 14th day of June, 1884. Which, I want you to tell me, would be the lesser evil—the blindness of Miriam Benary or the resurrection of Louise Massarte?

"Oh, there is no room for question about it. Better a thousand times that she should never see the light of day again than that she should cease to be herself, and return to her dead personality. Why, it is—it is Mirlam's very life which is at stake."
"Precipile To ours her blindness by the

"Precisely. To cure her blindness by the means which they propose would simply be to kill her; to abolish Miriam, and to revive Louise Massarte. It is infinitely better that she should remain blind. Therefore I "I pray God that in my next letter I may am going to prevent that operation if I

"If you can, indeed! But how? How The dismay which the foregoing epistle occasioned Josephine and myself the sympathetic reader will conceive without my telling. But it was nothing to that with which we were filled when we read the next can you?"
"Well, let us see. To-day—to-day is the 12th, is it not?" "Yes, to-day is Saturday the 12th. Well?"
"Well, the day set for the operation is the



STARTLING NEWS FROM MIRIAM.

HOTEL DE LA BOURBONNAGE. Paris, January 1, 1889. DEAR DR. BENARY-"Miriam

proved rapidly after I posted my letter of Christmas day. Rest, quiet, and nourishment were what she needed; and those she had. The doctors gave us permission to leave Havre yesterday, which we did, arriving here in the afternoon. She is pale and weak, and has lost 15 pounds in weight; but she does not suffer any more in body, though what her agony of mind must be it is not difficult for those who love her to imagine. However, that will soon be

"I telegraphed in advance to Dr. Deses-saires, requesting him to call upon us at our hotel last evening. He came at 8 o'clock and put Miriam through a thorough exam-ination. He confirmed what all the other destors had said that it was doctors had said, that it was a paralysis of the optic nerve. He inquired all about her health in the past, and asked particularly whether she had ever had any trouble of the brain or spine. Of course we then told him of that accident she met with in 1884, which had deprived her of her mem ory. 'Ab,' said he, 'that gives me the key to the whole difficulty.' He proceeded very carefully to examine her head; and when he had finished he said there was a depression of the bone at the point where she had been hurt at that time, and a consequent pressure upon the brain, and it was that which accounted for brain, and it was that which accounted for the extraordinary violence of her seasick-ness and the resultant blindness. Finally he said that an operation to relieve that pressure would, if made at once, restore her sight; but unless that operation was per-formed, she must remain perpetuslly blind. He assured us that the operation was not a dangerous one; that it would consist in the removal of a minute section of the bone-what is called trephining. Of course there

what is called trephining. Of course there was nothing for us to do but consent to having the operation performed, and then he went away, saying he would return this "At 11 o'clock this morning he arrived, accompanied by four other physicians, Dr. Cidoit, also an oculist; Dr. Gouet, the clidoft, also an occurre; Dr. Gouet, the alienist; Dr. Marsac, a general practitioner of very high standing, and Dr. Larquot, said to be the most skillful surgeon in France. They made a long examination and then withdrew to consult together. At the end of nearly two hours they came to me with their report, which was simply a repetition of what Dr. Desessaires had already said, that trephining would be neces-sary; that it would be effective, and that it would be as free from danger as such an operation ever is. The operation must be performed as soon as possible, so that atrophy of the optic nerve may not have time to set in; but before they can safely operate Miriam must be perfectly recovered n general health. They have set the 14th of this month as probably a favorable day. Meanwhile she is under the care of Dr.

Marsac. Dr. Larquot is to conduct the operation. "The brave little woman! She supports her calamity so patiently; and she looks forward to that dreadful ordeal with an amount of nerve and courage that a man might be proud of. God grant that all may

"There is nothing more for me to write at

Present. Always yours,
"HENRY FAIRCHILD."

At the close of Fairchild's letter this postscript was added, in a hand that we recognized for Miriam's, though it was cramped and irregular, as if she had writn with her eyes shut:
"DEAR ONES-I cannot see to write to ou, but I love you, and love you with all my heart.—Miriam."

When my sister Josephine read that, she burst out crying, like a child.

CHAPTER XIII I waited till she had dried her tears. Then Well, my dear sister," I questioned, "do

you realize what that letter means?"

"Well, I shall go at once and cable Fair-

14th-that is, the day after to-morrow-

child to postpone the operation until I arrive in Paris. I shall then engage passage aboard the first swift steamer that sails. The South German Clyde steamer that sails. The South German Clyde steamers sail on Mondays. They make the passage in seven days, and touch at Cherbourg. Do you, then, prepare my things so that I may take ship day after to-morrow. Once arrived in Paris, I will persuade Fairchild to relinquish the idea of the operation for good. I will convince him that Miriam's life will be imperilled. Or, failing in that, I may find myself compelled to tell him the truth about Louise Massarte. Anything will be better

than to have her regain her memory."
"Yes, anything. God grant that he may not disobey your telegram. But you must engage passage for me as well as for your-self. I cannot stay at home hereidle. You must let me go with you. I should die of anxiety alone here at home."

I went to the nearest telegraph office and

"Fairchild, Hotel de la Bourbonnage, "At all costs postpone operation till I ar-

rive. Miriam's life endangered. Sall Monday. BENARY." Then I hastened down town to the steamship company's office on Bowling Green and engaged berths for my sister and myself aboard the Egmont, which was to sail Promptly at noon on Monday, January 14.
Yet, despite these precautionary measures, a heavy load of anxiety lay upon my heart. What if Mr. Fairchild should suffer the operations to proceed notwithstanding my protest? I could not banish that con-

tingency from my mind, nor its ghastly corollaries from my imagination. CHAPTER XIV.

Though by no means so stormy as that described by Fairchild, our voyage was an unconscionably long one. To say nothing of togs and head winds, an accident befell our machinery whereby we were compelled to lie to for 16 hours, while the damage was repaired. We did not make Cherbourg until the afternoon of Friday January 25. Ashore, my first act was to inquire when

the earliest train would leave for Paris. A

train would leave at 10 o'clock that night,

due at the capital at half past nine the following morning. My next act was to telegraph Fairchild, informing him of our arrival, and warning him to expect us on the At half-past nine to the minute, Saturday morning, we drew into the Gare de L'Ouest. We were a little surprised not to find Fairchild there to meet us, and perhaps also a little disturbed. Was Miriam so ill that he

dared not leave her. We got into a cab, and were driven to the Hotel de la Bourbon-I inquired for Mr. Fairchild. "Monsieur Fairchild is in his room, Mon-

"Show us thither at once," said I. "Pardon, Monsieur. If Monsieur will have the goodness to send up his card."
"Josephine," I exclaimed, "how do you account for this? Apparently, we are not expected. He does not meet us at the railway station; and here at his hotel we are

"Well, send it up, brother. We shall soon have an explanation," Josephine said; and I acted upon her advice.

In two minutes Fairchild appeared.

"What! Arrived!" he cried, seizing each what Arrived he cried, seizing each of us by a hand. "Your steamer was overdue. When did you get in? Why didn't you telegraph from Cherbourg?"
"Why didn't I telegraph? But I did. Do you mean to say you haven't received

my message?"

"Not the ghost of one. If I'd known you were coming this morning—but wait."

He stepped into the office of the hotel.
Issuing thence in a moment, "There!" he dried, exhibiting a blue envelope. "Here's your telegram. In America I should have received it 12 nears ago; but they manage